CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 618. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1843. PRICE 1½*d*.

REAL NATURE AND NOVELISTS' NATURE.

THERE are two kinds of nature—that which belongs to fact, and that invented by fiction. Real nature presents herself to our eyes in sober but, says Imagination, commonplace aspects; her trees are sometimes dingy and bare, her sunshine is occasionally clouded, her rivers are not always clear, her weather is fine and disagreeable by turns, and now and then neither the one nor the other. The majority of her human beings, again, are neither superlatively good nor terribly bad; for in every one of them virtue and wickedness is more or less blended. Now novelists, if we judge from their works, consider that this state of things is susceptible of vast improvement: it is their evident opinion, that the pictures nature presents are tame and spiritless. They therefore desire to put more "effect" into them, to do which they adopt high colouring as a leading principle; for the fault which they chiefly find with nature is, that she has not enough of contrast. "Extremes," therefore, is the novelist's motto: his trees are very green, his snow is of dazzling whiteness, his rivers are pellucid, his mountains alpine, and his storms—oh, how awful!

His human nature is painted upon similar principles; virtue and vice, innocence and guilt, affluence and poverty, oppression and generosity, are invariably placed in juxta-position. The consequence of novelists tying themselves down to these rules is, that their range of characters is far more limited than those with which nature presents us in real life. Every novel—we defy exceptions—contains three principal characters—the hero, the heroine, and the villain. Of these we will treat separately.

THE HERO.—The heroes of old romance were puissant warriors: the hero of a modern novel is frequently a successful lover, therefore he generally is handsome, for the tender feelings of ugly men are invariably doomed to disappointment. For the same reason he is young; and upon the principle that "none but the brave deserve the fair," he is courageous. In the metaphysical code of all fiction-writers, beauty and virtue invariably go hand in hand; regular features and an unblemished reputation are inseparable. He is also highly accomplished. Sometimes he plays the flute, but is always a good fencer. This concatenation of perfections, however, produces in the reader a passive rather than an active interest; and the hero has of late years undergone some modification: a few faults are imputed to him to give him a dash of humanity and a spice of spirit; but then the faults are so trifling—committed under circumstances of such entire misconception, or from temptations which no human prudence or energy could escape—that you are made to like the interesting sinner rather the better for his imperfections. In the more recent "fashionable" novel, this innovation is carried further. The hero, elegant, accomplished, and captivating, is guilty of vices which the author does not attempt to soften or to gloss over, because they are of the most aristocratic and *recherché* kind, which it would be positive vulgarity in any novel reader, with the least pretension to gentility, to object to. True morality having thus been invaded, a wider step was taken, and a school of novel-writing created, which manufactures heroes out of highway robbers! The sentiment by which your sympathy is appealed to in this class of novels is extremely droll: blighted affections have caused the hero to betake to the road—his heart is broken, and he turns housebreaker! Nature and inclination would, you are told, have made him great and good; but it was the force of circumstances—mere accident—that converted him into a criminal; thus you are always led to suppose him an innocent victim of a false witness or a tender passion. If, in short, you do not pity him, be he ever so great a scoundrel, there is an end to your interest in his adventures. The next character to be considered is

THE HEROINE.—The heroine is always in love, generally with the hero, but in some instances with a minor character. She is lovely, patient, incorruptibly constant, and very much oppressed. This rule is almost arbitrary; hence nothing more can be said about her: pass we, therefore, to

THE VILLAIN, who is always placed in strong contrast to the hero. In the romantic school of a former day, he was a terrible Turk—a kind of demon above ground, walking about at night under a slouched hat, with his person mysteriously hidden by the folds of a huge cloak. He had a great deal to say about "revenge," and "vipers crossing his path," which he was continually expressing an intention to strangle; all this having direct reference to the hero and heroine. In romances he is always a baron, with a castle on a remote estate; and sufficiently well off to hire a murderer or two—not as occasional servants, by "the day, month, or hour"—but permanently on his establishment. He commits, with their help, a vast number of atrocities; but as the minor characters merely are his victims, the author expects you to consider these in the light of little sins, hardly worth notice. You are to bottle up all your resentment for the grand annihilation of the hero, which is always going to happen, but never takes place; for some cleverly-contrived mistake, made just in time for the catastrophe, puts an end to the villain instead. On making his appearance in the fashionable novel, the villain is changed to a debauched earl, with, instead of the bravoes, a foreign valet, who assists him to murders of another sort—the reputations of innocent young females. In some cases he is a sporting character, who buys race-horses, makes cross bets, and cheats at écarté. He is a most elegant scoundrel, smelling of eau-de-Cologne, swindling in full-dress, and never touching any sort of dirty work unless with white kid-gloves. For him we must give the moderns some credit for originality. They have changed him from a blustering, absolute, sanguinary kind of ogre, to a cool, passionless dandy, who ruins his friends with the utmost *sang-froid*, and fires his duelling-pistol upon geometrical principles. The Newgate novelists' villain is even more original, for, having used up every species of villany to manufacture their intensely interesting felon-heroes out of, they are driven to the expedient of selecting their vicious characters from among the virtuous. Their villains, therefore, are generally selected from those classes of society the members of which are supposed by most people to demand the highest respect and admiration. Should, for example, the hero be a condemned criminal, the villain is the judge who condemns him;* if a highwayman, the clergyman or baronet he robs; if a pickpocket, the prosecutor is the villain. Indeed it may be here remarked, that novelists of all kinds, in drawing the strong contrasts supposed to be necessary to an exciting story, imagine that everything is to be done by antithesis, not only of character, but rank. If, for instance, the hero be a plebeian, the villain is a lord; if a factory-boy, the villain is his overseer or master; if a servant-girl, it is her "young master;" the evil genius of a literary hero is a grasping publisher; when the hero is a spendthrift, it is a money-lender who is the villain. Creditors, especially landlords, are all villains; the guardians of rich wards are villains; uncles have furnished a large supply of villains from the times of the Children in the Wood and Richard III.; whilst step-mothers, lawyers, gentlemen's stewards, and dissipated apprentices, have been villains from time immemorial. Such is the law of nature—that is to say, the nature of novelists.

We must not, however, omit to mention, that amongst the characters-in-chief of one class of novels no villain whatever appears. We allude to the nautical novel; in which, could you place implicit faith, you would imagine that a bad character does not exist on ship-board; except, perhaps, when a little tinge of ill-feeling is infused, for variety's sake, in a boatswain or his mate. No story can, however, get on altogether without a villain, so the authors of these floating romances go ashore for him. The evil-disposed persons of a tale of the sea are invariably slop-sellers to maltreat the common men, and attorneys to injure and ruin the officers—persons comprehended under the term "shore-going sharks." Otherwise, this happy country would appear, from the ship-shape school of novel, to possess a fleet freighted with by far the largest proportion of the honour, chivalry, loyalty, generosity, joviality, gallantry, and bravery that belongs to the natives of Great Britain. This amiable weakness in the authors arises from a pleasing *esprit-de-corps*, most of them being sailors themselves.

Besides these three fundamental characters, there are others which find their way into a large majority of modern novels. A rich, testy, disagreeable, capricious father, or god-father, can seldom be dispensed with as an instrument for creating vicissitudes in the career of the principal characters, and for performing in the end what is denominated "poetical justice," by leaving his wealth to the good, and disappointing the bad; happiness and a few hundreds a-year being seldom separated in the moral philosophy of novels. But the most frequently-used axis, upon which the wheel of fortune is made to turn its contents into the lap of the virtuous, is that eternal rich uncle who is sure to come quite unexpectedly from India about the middle of the third volume. Then there is often a designing executor and guardian, who wants to marry the heroine-ward himself, or is keeping her for a lout of a son or nephew, and whose intrigues for that purpose thwart the lady's favoured swain in every half-dozen chapters. Novelists also personify certain moral characteristics, by taking their possessors out of particular classes of society. A British merchant or a rich banker is always the representative of open-handed generosity. Family pride is exhibited in a decayed earl or a broken-down baronet. Patient meekness, under the most humiliating suffering, belongs to high-minded governesses in private families. That, however, the misfortunes of fiction should not fall severely or harshly upon the sympathetic reader, so as to cause in him too much pain, they generally light upon those characters who are made out to deserve them. Disappointment in love usually happens to a dull, disagreeable, ascetic fellow, who *ought* to be disappointed. In the duel that few novels are without, it is the least amiable of the combatants who is hit. Lastly, the perjuries at which Jove is said to laugh, are, almost without exception, committed by army officers; especially those of cavalry regiments—the nearest approach to the false knights of a former age—who are always made "to love and to ride away."

Certain other propensities have also their stock representatives. Comic characters are uniformly taken from special walks of life, as if humour and facetious-

* This is actually the case in one of the most popular of these productions.

ness only belonged to particular ranks and employments. Landlords of inns are always jovial companions: stage-coachmen are equally jolly, and are, besides, on very friendly terms with all the bar-maids. Ladies' maids are all pert and cunning, enjoying the confidence of their mistresses, to the fullest extent, in matters of the utmost delicacy. Alderman, again, personify good humour and gluttony, and are seldom mentioned without a facete allusion to turtle-soup. The measure of national characteristics is meted out in novels by the application also of an unalterable standard: Irishmen are eternally making real or unintentional jokes, and saying civil things to the fair sex: Scotsmen are overflowing with nationality and caution: Frenchmen always shrug their shoulders, and engage in political intrigues: Spaniards are proud: Italians revengeful: Dutchmen fat: Germans metaphysical: Poles deceitful: and Russians drinkers of train-oil. Such is the code of national peculiarities as settled by novelists.

Nor does the novelist confine his rules of art to human nature; his still life is painted with equal conventionality, and this brings us to

Scenery.—When a novelist is going to paint a romantic landscape, he covers his ideal palette with none but primitive colours, which he lays on uncommonly thick; for he does nothing by halves, and never makes use of neutral tints. It is astonishing how full of calmness, repose, and harmony-run-mad, are his sunsets. The luminary which he paraphrases as the "orb of day," generally makes a point, by his account, of sinking majestically behind a hill; gradually declining in a flood of red and yellow light, which suffuses, with a tint of "ineffable softness," the scene around. This, in most cases, consists of a valley and a distant village with "a gilded spire," an umbrageous wood in the foreground. All is remarkably still: the wind is lulled; the birds, conscious of approaching night, hold their trilling tongues. Nothing disturbs the calm serenity but the sound of horses' hoofs; and, after several minutes of anxious expectation, "two travellers are seen to emerge from the wood," &c., and the scenery makes way for the actors. The meteorology of novels is also remarkable for extremes. The brightness of the moonlight nights which your romance-wright will manufacture for an elopement is truly astonishing; as is the lovely weather he is so kind as to indulge his *persons* with, when he makes up pleasure-jaunts, pic-nics, and fêtes champêtres. On the other hand, when he does raise a storm, he mounts it at full gallop. With him it really never rains but it pours. His gales are hurricanes; his thunderbolts are worthy of Jupiter; his forked lightning is sharpened at both ends; and his sheet ditto comes not in quires, but in whole reams. We have seen, in some of the nautical romances, descriptions of sea-storms—of ships rolling and tossing in such an awful manner—that could one only believe what one reads, the result would assuredly be that uncomfortable sort of illness which is inevitable to bad sailors. Such is the novelist's law of storms. Finally, as to his

Plots.—The fictitious contrivances of events called plots are, like everything else which passes through the imagination of the novelist, made up of extremes. Most of them, desirous, like the tragedians of old, to unite the marvellous and probable with the pathetic, carry their pathos to a pitch of intensity which is much too marvellous to be probable; whilst others make their plots so extremely probable, that they are by no means pathetic. Few novelists, however, sin on the side of probability, their great end being to create in the reader's mind expectation and surprise, which is, they think, most readily done by a copious infusion of the marvellous. To so great an extent, however, has this principle been carried, that, from the constant reproduction of the same materials, it, in nine novels out of ten, defeats itself. For example, the author takes great pains to impress upon you that so-and-so is an orphan, on purpose to astonish you in due time by producing a lost parent. But this trick has been played so often, that the reverse of what is intended generally takes place; for when an orphan is mentioned, you feel convinced that a father or mother, or perhaps both, will soon be found for him. Again, when a boy of "gentle mould" is introduced to you in a cottage, and called the son of its rustic inhabitants, you at once suspect that he is in reality the offspring of some neighbouring lord; which suspicion amounts to a positive conviction, when the child is said to have in his possession a ring, a miniature, a lock of hair, or is marked on some part of his person. When a virtuous couple are plunged into the deepest poverty, you may be sure that the wind which howls around their shattered dwelling is wafting across the ocean that rich uncle from India who is to raise them to affluence, in time for the last chapter.

Such is the code of natural history—physical, moral, and circumstantial—which the majority of novel-writers abide by. Happily, however, there are no rules (save that which gives a hero, heroine, and villain to every novel) without exceptions; and we could name works of fiction in which nature appears in her own modest unexaggerated dress—in which the most potent effects are wrought upon the mind, simply by a disobedience of all the rules and regulations within which commonplace writers confine themselves; and where instruction, entertainment, and good morality are united.

THE RECENT POPULATION RETURNS.

SECOND ARTICLE—IRELAND.

The commissioners appointed to take the census for Ireland were fortunate in obtaining greater facilities for marking out the country into districts than the English commission. The survey of Ireland by the ordnance department furnished them with a set of maps which indicated not only correct boundaries, but every house upon the face of the island. By such important aid the whole country was divided off into districts, to each of which an enumerator was appointed as in Great Britain. In every other respect the arrangements were similar, the census having been simultaneously taken on the 7th of June 1841. This was, for many reasons, an unfortunate season for taking a correct population estimate. It was the time of hay-harvest, and numbers of both sexes were on their way to Great Britain in quest of employment. These having been variously stated, the commissioners required from the police at every port an enumeration of all the deck passengers who embarked on board the various packets during the summer of 1841. For this purpose a competent officer was stationed at each packet office, and each person, as he received his ticket for embarking, was asked from what county he came. From such inquiries, it was ascertained that the number who had gone before the 6th of June was 5481, before the 1st of July 13,997, and in the whole summer 57,651. The great majority of such labourers embarked at Drogheda and Dublin, and disembarked at Liverpool; others went by way of Londonderry and Belfast to Scotland.

These and other difficulties having been overcome, the gross population of Ireland was ascertained to consist of 4,019,576 males, and 4,155,548 females, making a total of 8,175,124. Thus, to every 100 males, there existed 103,⅓ females. Turning to the amount of the two former censuses, we find that whilst between the years 1821 and 1831 the Irish population increased about 14¼ per cent., a comparison of the returns for the latter year with those for 1841 brings out the startling fact, that during these ten years the increase has only been 5¼ per cent.—a diminution of *nine* per cent. in the rate of increase! The causes of this decrease appear to be precisely the same as those noted in our last article—imperfection of the former returns, and emigration. The former cause operated in all likelihood far more strongly in Ireland than in Great Britain. The census of 1831 was taken in different places, at various times, extending over a long period. It is understood, too, that the enumerators considered that they would be paid—and in many cases were paid—in proportion to the numbers they enumerated! than which a better plan could not have been devised for obtaining falsely-augmented returns. The census of 1821, on the other hand, erred most likely on the defective side. It having been the first attempt at enumerating the people of Ireland, the machinery employed was limited, and consequently deficient; hence the present commissioners infer that the total stated on that occasion was rather below than above the truth. If, therefore, it were possible to correct this error, such correction would, there can be no question, materially reduce the 14¼ per cent. of increase returned for the period between the years 1821 and 1831.

But while some of this assumed increase of population is to be traced to error, the main cause of the difference of increase from 1831 to 1841 has arisen from emigration. The ascertained number of Irish emigrants to foreign countries and the colonies amounts to 214,047, but this number is believed to be far below the actual amount. It contains only the direct and registered emigration, while it is known that many persons and families emigrate in ships chartered for ordinary merchandise. Even in the emigrant ships, many are received on board after the ship has cleared out from the port of her departure. These numbers are wholly unknown. A very considerable number of Irish emigrants also sail from the ports of Great Britain; but as no entry is kept of the birthplace of emigrants, this number can only be obtained by approximation. The returns from the port of Liverpool show an emigration thence amounting to 229,112; and it has been estimated by the authorities of that port, in answer to inquiries on the subject, that of this number two-thirds, or about 152,738, were considered to be Irish. The number of emigrants from the whole of Great Britain has been stated at 394,105 from England, 66,173 from Scotland; in all, 460,278. There is no reason to suppose that Ireland has contributed so largely to the emigration from any other port as that of Liverpool. But other ports have, doubtless, sent some Irish; and in order to cover this unknown number, as well as those before alluded to, it may perhaps be fair to make an addition of 10 per cent., the whole making a total of 403,463, or nearly double the amount officially registered. Of these emigrants, three-fourths were under the age of 30; and the males exceeded the females by about one-fourth, though the sexes of the children and the aged appear to have been nearly equal in point of numbers. Besides emigration abroad, there has been a great influx of Irish people into Great Britain during the last decennial period, whose numbers it is impossible to ascertain with precision. We know that the manufacturing districts both in England and Scotland, as well as London and Bristol, contain many Irish. Much of the labour of other commercial ports, too, is performed by them. During the last ten years, also, the greater proportion of the existing railways in Britain have been made; and though, on these works, it has been supposed that the Irish labourers did not at any time exceed 5000, or one-tenth of the whole, yet this new class of work is calculated to have drawn off about 45,000 labourers from other branches of industry in England, whose places were, no doubt, extensively filled by Irish labourers. In regard, however, to the increase which has taken place in the number of Irish who have settled in England and Scotland since the census of 1831, there does not appear to exist any means of arriving at an exact conclusion. In Glasgow, the number of Irish was stated by Dr Cleland in 1831 to be 35,554, and by the census commissioners in 1841 to be 44,345, being an increase of 8791 (equal to one-fourth). At Liverpool they were estimated in 1833 at 40,000; in 1841 they were 49,639. We have not the means of ascertaining the exact numbers of Irish who were in Great Britain in 1831, so as to compare them with their present numbers; still, the whole number of persons of Irish birth dwelling in Great Britain on the 7th June 1841 was 419,256, which of course does not include their children born there; and we may perhaps assume that one-fourth of this number have been added since the census of 1831, in which case we have 104,814 as the result. Besides the draughts made upon the Irish population by emigration, it supplied recruits to the army and East India Company's service to the amount of 39,179; so that, after making the necessary additions to the 1831 census of the 70,000 emigrants who departed during the ten previous years, and for the 46,402 recruits raised during the same period, we arrive at an approximation of the truth, and discover that during the last decennial period, the Irish population has increased by 893,271 souls, equivalent to *twelve* per cent. on the aggregate; and which, making due allowance for any deficit in 1821, and any excess in 1831, indicates, instead of a startlingly-decreased, a pretty uniform rate of increase. It has been supposed that the ravages of the cholera in 1832 and 1833 opposed a sensible check to the advance of the population, but this does not prove to be true. Such epidemics are certainly not without effect upon the population at the time, but it is now generally admitted that they carry off those principally who would have early yielded to other causes of death, and that the years in which they occur are usually followed by years of less than the average mortality, a result in some degree indicated by the tables of deaths published by the commissioners. Such diseases therefore do not produce, upon a long period, the effect that might at first be expected. It would appear, moreover, that the rate of increase is generally less in Ireland than in the sister countries, in consequence of (not, as might be imagined, in spite of) the number of marriages. It is shown by an interesting table in a memoir accompanying the ordnance map of Londonderry, and which is based on a considerable population in the north of Ireland, that the average number of children to a family is, of Irish, 2.34, of English, 2.93, and of Scotch, 3.04. This is quite in accordance with the well-known law, that the most marrying races exhibit the lowest figure of fecundity. These statements fully account for the comparative deficit of the rate of increase which remains after the errors of former enumerations and the emigration movement have been taken into the account. All theories, therefore, which take for their basis a numerical deterioration of the Irish population fall to the ground, because such an assumption (formed, there can be no doubt, after a superficial glance at the population-tables) is false, being disproved, as above, by a little searching into the truth.

The investigations into the number of strangers, visitors, or lodgers residing in other houses than their own on the night of the 6th of June, brought out the remarkable fact, that of these various classes there were as many as 465,589 males, 616,586 females—total 1,082,175. This verifies the characteristics attributed to Irish manners of hospitality and gaiety; the first we infer from the fact of the bulk of the visits being more or less of a permanent character, and the second from the circumstance of the census being taken on a Monday, the morrow of what is in Catholic countries a holiday. At all events, on the 6th of June 1841, one-eighth of the Irish population slept in their friends' houses. Female visitors—because among the lower orders they are the more helpless, and in the higher ranks prove generally the more agreeable—are of course the most numerous: one out of every 8.6 of the male population, and one out of every 6.7 of the female population, were visitors on the night before named.

With regard to "servants," the means of comparison exist; and the result is highly favourable to the present time. As it is invariably found that the greatest number of servants exists in those districts which exhibit the highest wealth, house accommoda-

tion and education, so a large proportion of servants to the general community indicates increased aggregate prosperity. In 1831 there were 351,897 persons thus denominated; in 1841 there were 503,851. This is a great increase, showing that in the former year there was only 1 servant to every 54 persons; in the latter there is 1 to every 324.* Both these proportions include agricultural servants; but they exhibit an increase far too great to be implicitly relied on. Other facts, which it would be tedious to detail, lead to a conclusion that, upon the whole, the proportion of servants has greatly increased, especially of male (mostly agricultural) servants. We next seek for proofs of progressive prosperity in the accounts which the report furnishes of the respective pursuits of the population.

The more a nation produces, the more prosperous it becomes. This is an obvious truth. The foundation of almost all produce is agriculture, and the most profitable use to which such produce can be put is to manufacture it. Now, if it can be shown that more persons were employed in agriculture and manufactures in proportion to the population of 1841 than were so engaged in 1831, it may be reasonably inferred that the national prosperity has advanced. This can be done; for thus stand the figures: in 1831, out of every hundred families, 64 were chiefly employed in agriculture, and 18 in manufactures, trade, &c.; in 1841, 66 per cent. of families were engaged in farm labour, and 24 in manufactures. In turning to the commercial statistics of the country, we find that this department has increased in an equal ratio to the increased proportion of persons engaged in them. No comparison with the agricultural condition of Ireland in 1831 can be made, the official statistics for that year being less correct than the returns before us, because there had been ten years' more work done to the ordnance survey. From the latter we learn, that of the 20,808,271 acres comprised in the whole kingdom, 13,464,300 acres are under arable cultivation, 374,482 acres are planted with trees, hedges, &c., 42,929 are spread over with towns, and 630,825 with water; besides which, 6,295,735 acres are totally uncultivated. In other words, the proportions of the entire area to 100 acres are, arable land 64$\frac{7}{10}$, plantations 1.7, uncultivated 30.3, towns .2, water 3.

As materials for forming an estimate of the general prosperity are drawn from a division of the people, according to their respective pursuits,† so the *social* progress of the nation is partly deduced from another classification of the Irish public, which is according to their means. This classification was, the commissioners inform us, founded on the principle that, "of man in his natural state, labour is the only capital, and that however complicated the state of society may become, there can be but two other classes—those who by intelligence or other means become directors of labour, and those who by accumulation or still higher intelligence have become the employers of the other classes. The rules we laid down for the formation of these divisions were as follow:—First Class.—Heads of families possessing capital in wealth or in professional knowledge, or whose means of subsistence enable them to live without labour. In rural districts this may include farmers of more than 50 acres. Second Class.—Heads of families who have some fixed income or employment; also artisans who possess acquired capital in the knowledge of some trade; neither of which classes, however, is wholly exempt from labour. This may include farmers from 5 to 50 acres. Third Class.—Heads of families without capital in either money, land, or acquired knowledge; that is, labourers, and persons who obtain the means of existence by employments which require little or no instruction. This may include small farmers up to 5 acres. The following are the per centages of the number of families in each class:—Vested means, professions, &c., 1.8 rural, 6.6 civic. The direction of labour, 28.3 rural, 50. civic. Their own manual labour, 68. rural, 36.4 civic. Means not specified, 1.9 rural, 7. civic. It will be seen from the general table and the abstract above, that the lowest class is the most numerous in the rural districts, being two-thirds of the community; whilst in the towns, the directors of labour generally equal, and on the whole exceed, the labourers. This arises from the number of artisans, and persons possessing education and skill, who labour to some extent, but who still would be inappropriately placed in the lower class. This classification being new, we have no means of comparing the present numbers with the numbers at any former period." The first of these per centages exhibits the fact, that on the 7th of June 1841, out of every hundred of the rural population, only 1.8 persons possessing vested or professional means was to be found in his own country. Now, if we deduct one-half for the rural clergy and medical faculty (an extremely moderate deduction), we are obliged to conclude that only .54 in every hundred proprietors of more than 50 acres of land were actually residing on their estates, or in their own country, on the day in question. This lets in a by no means gratifying light upon the great drawback to the prosperity of Ireland—absenteeism.

From another source for ascertaining the social condition of the people—that of the statistics of houses—we learn that it has upon the whole improved, though not so rapidly as in the sister country. The following table shows the progress of house accommodation in Ireland during the last twenty years:—

		1821.	1831.	1841.
Inhabited,		1,142,092	1,249,816	1,328,839
Uninhabited,	Built,	35,251	40,654	52,908
	Building,	1350	15,306	3313

The increase in the number of houses between 1821 and 1831 is 9$\frac{4}{10}$ per cent., and from 1831 to 1841 seven per cent. It will be seen that the number of houses which were building in 1841 is very small; but there is no reason to suppose that any real pause in building has taken place during the last ten years. On the contrary, the numbers in the several years will be seen to give a somewhat increasing ratio for the recent period. A shaded map, constructed for the purpose, shows that the western parts of Ireland are most deficient in house-accommodation; the worst counties in that respect being Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, and the west of Cork.

From the copious information contained in this comprehensive report, we shall, in a future article, glean several interesting facts concerning the educational and vital statistics of Ireland.

A GERMAN VILLAGE.

HAVING had the pleasure of residing for about a month during the past autumn in a remote German village, a short account of some of the peculiarities that most forcibly struck me may not be uninteresting. Mr Howitt, indeed, in his excellent work, "The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," may be said almost to have exhausted the subject; but as he views it in contrast with England, my remarks may not be without novelty, as I have been chiefly conversant with Scottish village life.

The village to which I allude is in the Prussian territory, in the neighbourhood of Naumburg. Its name is Maihen. It contains between three and four hundred inhabitants, who, except a few tradesmen, are all engaged in agricultural pursuits. There is, of course, a church and a pastor, as you generally have in the smallest German villages, and as was commonly the case in Scotland in the olden times, when many small parishes which are now united existed separately. A considerable part of the land in the neighbourhood belongs to one proprietor of baronial rank, who resides in the village, and whose property is managed by a farmer, or *pachter*, as he is called. But the greatest part belongs to the villagers themselves, who hold it in different proportions. In fact, the peasantry are the proprietors of the largest portion of the soil in Germany, and there are extensive districts where there are no large proprietors at all. In these circumstances large farms are of course rare, although they are more common in the north than in the south. Such a state of matters, independently of national peculiarities, must necessarily render a German village very different from an English one. The absence of separate farm places is one of the first things that strikes an English traveller in the rural districts of Germany. The people are all congregated in villages, at least with very few exceptions, and I was often reminded of the system which used to prevail in Scotland more than a hundred and fifty years ago—in some cases considerably later—when the farms were small, and when several *steadings* were in the same locality. This, however, is only one instance among many others in which the German villages will recall to the traveller the old manners and customs of Scotland. Even on the subject to which I have alluded above, the division of the land, there was a much closer approximation in many parts of Scotland (and England also) in former times to the German system, than exists at present. I am acquainted with several large estates in Scotland which are wholly made up of detached portions of land purchased from such small proprietors as the German villagers—that of Abbotsford, for example.

The land in the neighbourhood of the village in which I resided is generally of a light character, and certainly does not owe much to the skill of its cultivators, although they are very industrious after their fashion. The excellence of the climate, however, rendered the crops such as would be considered very fair on similar land in the best cultivated parts of Scotland. When I arrived there—about the beginning of August, when the harvest was just commencing in the south of England—almost all the wheat and barley were cut down, although the oats were about a month or six weeks later. A great part of the land is ploughed with cows, which are thus made "a double debt to pay." Each villager has generally two cows in his possession, with which he ploughs his bit of land, and for the produce of which he obtains considerable returns. The land, however, as I before remarked, is divided in various proportions, and those who possess a larger quantity have horses for ploughing. There is no pasture except for sheep, and one thing that forcibly struck me was the immense labour required in providing food for the cattle. They are fed in summer with vetches, or anything green that can be procured, and in winter with straw, and sometimes turnips. In winter, of course, it is different; but in summer it seemed to require three or four hours to bring home a wagon-load of fodder—both man and wife being engaged in the operation—and this load was only sufficient for a single day. It was certainly an odd sight to one accustomed to the method of farming in the east of Scotland, where everything is carried on with scientific regularity and skill, to see two small cows dragging a long rickety wagon containing a load which might have been as well brought in a wheelbarrow. But the German peasant takes things very coolly, although he labours early and late; and with his everlasting pipe in his mouth, and cracking his whip, he is sufficiently happy. The women seem to love working for working's sake, and to have little consideration as to whether their labour is profitably employed.

Such a thing as enclosures are of course unknown; and, with a very few exceptions, I do not remember to have seen more than an acre or two sown with the same kind of grain. Although in the opinion of some this variety may render the appearance of the country more picturesque, yet it deprives it of all that neatness and regularity which are so striking in the well-cultivated parts of our own country. The public roads are good, but the by-ways remain in the worst possible condition.

The houses of the village are placed with very little view to regularity or picturesque effect. They are generally of two storeys, with those immense roofs which are so common all over Germany. Most of them have a courtyard, which is entered by a large arched gateway. This is generally a scene of great confusion, and very much in the style of Glenburnie. Around it the stables and outhouses are ranged. The dwelling-house is commonly built of brick, and the outhouses of mud. The barn is generally a large building, for almost all the corn is housed. The gardens, though not well kept, have almost always a fair proportion of flowers; and the pastor's garden especially contains some very fine specimens of the dahlia. Indeed the Germans generally have a great passion for flowers; they plant them on the graves of their relations; on holidays the houses are decked with various tasteful wreaths and bouquets, and when a stranger is expected, the door of the room he is to occupy is commonly hung round with a garland of roses and oak-leaves.

I was invited to an entertainment in the pastor's garden, where we had pears, bread and butter, and raspberry water. The simple repast, however, was rendered more agreeable than many much more ostentatious ones, by the cordial hospitality with which it was dispensed. Indeed the genuine kindness and genial frankness of the Germans must strike every one who associates with them, while nothing can be more agreeable than the absence of all those pretensions and aristocratic tendencies which are so common among the middling classes in our own country. The ladies who were present occupied themselves with knitting stockings, the pastor's wife was busy cutting French beans—for the German ladies are never for a moment idle—while the pastor and I smoked our cigars, examined the flowers, and carried on a conversation as well as my rather imperfect German would allow. The Germans seem very fond of entertainments of this nature. In the gardens of almost all above the peasantry there are garden-houses, where the ladies spend most of their time in summer, drink coffee in the afternoon, and receive their visitors.

I mentioned above that there was no pasture in the neighbourhood of the village, except for sheep. This consisted of the banks of a small rivulet, which was a kind of common for the village. Each household had a small flock of sheep, and these were sent out every morning to pasture under the care of the village shepherd. Early in the morning the shepherd blew his horn, and led out his own flock. As he passed each house, he played a few notes, and out came a flock following its leader with a bell. The notes of the shepherd's horn, and the sound of the sheep-bells, made a most agreeable concert; and I had thus, during my stay, the advantage of a very pleasant *reveillé* every morning. In the evening he drove the sheep home, and as the different flocks passed the houses of their respective owners, they filed off one after the other, each following its leader, to be folded for the night. A similar custom, I believe, recently prevailed, and perhaps in some instances does so still, in many of the small rural burghs of Scotland, where the cows were regularly summoned forth in this manner every morning by the horn of the town cowherd.

The shepherd, however, was generally preceded by another important personage—the gooseherd, who,

---

* In 1831 there were in Ireland 68,712 male, and 283,185 female servants—total as above, or 1 male to every 76 of the aggregate male population, and 1 female servant to every 30 of the aggregate female population. In 1841 the numbers are—male servants 227,937 (of which 68,489 are domestics), female servants 275,937—total as above, or 1 man servant to each 30 males, and 1 female to each 29 females.

† Of the total population above the age of 15, food-producers number 1,854,141, or 22.7 per cent. in the population; manufacturers of, 13,963, or .2 per cent.; traders in, 35,935, or .4 per cent. —total of persons employed in supplying food, 1,904,071; making 23.3 individuals in every hundred. II. The various departments of clothing occupy 901,324 persons, or 11 per cent. III. Ministers to lodging, 164,366, or 2 per cent. IV. Those who minister to health, 6,871, or .1 per cent.; charity, 253; justice, 19,541, or .3 per cent.; education, 16,214, or .3 per cent.; religion, 7,102, or .1 per cent.; arts, 3,495; and trades which cannot be classified, 80,549; travelling, 18,975, or .3 per cent.; miscellaneous, 409,409, or 5 per cent. The total of persons, above 15 years of age, engaged in the above pursuits, is 3,511,800, or 43 per cent., more than one-half of whom are producers, manufacturers of, or traders in, food.

with less melodious notes, called forth his feathery care each morn at earliest dawn. This was the only representative I had ever seen of one known to us all —Goose Gibbie; and I viewed him, therefore, with no small interest. Another treat to the ears was afforded by the horn of the village watchman, who nightly paraded the street, sending forth every now and then the most unmusical sounds, and adding a few quaint verses, telling the people to beware of fire. There is perhaps nothing that strikes one so much abroad, at least in the country, as the various sounds which are heard, and which are generally so different from those which are customary at home. I was particularly struck by the sort of chime which the flails produced in thrashing. A large board is placed on the barn floor, on the different sides of which the thrashers stand—generally four. The flails are flatter than those used here, and do not give out so bold a note, so that when the size of the flails and the strength of the labourers were different, the strongest generally taking the lead, the effect was quite novel to me, and by no means unpleasant. But of all the sounds with which I was regaled, the most extraordinary was that of the village dog-concert. In the courtyard of every house there is generally a dog chained, and when one of them by any chance began barking, he was answered from one end of the village to the other by every Cerberus, great and small, and the alarm thus raised being sent backwards and forwards, often continued for more than half an hour. From a neighbouring house, however, where the village youths used to meet in the evening for singing, I used often to hear such delightful music as very well repaid me for the annoyance of the dog-chorus.

The villagers were very regular in their attendance at church on Sundays—the men dressed in blue frocks, and the women with gowns and aprons generally of very bright colours. The unmarried women—as was formerly the custom in Scotland—had no covering for the head, but the married ones wore a very odd-looking hat, which I can only describe as a black straw bonnet without the front, and with a great array of ribbons streaming behind. In the different parts of Germany, however, the head-dresses of the women are of various fashions, some of them grotesque enough. In church the area was occupied by the women, and the galleries by the men. A great part of the service of the Lutheran church consists of singing, and I was greatly struck with its superiority to what is generally heard in Scotland. There was an organ, which was played by the village schoolmaster. One day, in the absence of the pastor, the schoolmaster read prayers and a sermon from a book, although he did not mount the pulpit. I shall never forget the looks —half-timid, half-consequential—of the worthy functionary during the performance of this duty. The morning service began at nine, and the afternoon at one. The school hours were equally early, although, I believe, this is the case only during summer. The children went to school at six in the morning, and the whole business of the day was over by eleven. In the afternoon they were busily employed in the woods and fields.

The state of education in Germany is generally well known in this country, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to say anything on the subject. One remark, however, I will make, that the education of the peasantry did not appear to me, as far as my opportunities of judging went, to be at all superior to that of the same class in Scotland; and there are many great advantages enjoyed by the working-classes of our own country which are unknown to those of Germany. However excellent the mere school-training of the latter may be, this is almost the sum and substance of their education. In the village in which I resided there was no library, the bauers had no cheap publications—not even a newspaper circulated amongst them—and the books which they possessed were generally of a mean class common enough in Scotland twenty or thirty years ago, but now almost extinct. Independently of the nature of the government of Prussia, which, of course, renders such political information as is common among our own working-classes quite out of the question, I think that the division of land, which frees the bauer from any anxiety of mind, while it lays him under the necessity of working hard, at least according to his method of working, is unfavourable to great mental activity. No less unfavourable in this respect is the *equality* which prevails in the country in Germany. As Mr Howitt has very truly remarked—"They are all alike; they see no necessity for an advance in mental cultivation. All work hard, smoke hard, many drink hard, and the young dance hard; and so they go through the world."

Such a state of society has no doubt many advantages, which in the opinion of some will outweigh those resulting from large estates and large farms. I believe that the German bauers are as honest and simple-hearted, and as contented and happy, as any peasantry on the face of the earth. Indeed, in the present condition of a large part of the labouring population of England, it is impossible not to contemplate with satisfaction a system where every man sits under his vine and under his fig-tree, and where, what Burns calls the most miserable of all sights, that of a man seeking work and finding none, is never to be seen. Still, it seems certain that advanced civilisation and intelligence, or, properly speaking, the due employment of all the faculties and feelings of our nature, is incompatible with such a system. Social progress is an inevitable condition, which no species of apathy can finally prevent. Already, Germany is beginning to feel the glow which is to excite it into activity. Improvements in practical science are extending their influence; and the governments generally are not indisposed to promote the upbreak of old habits, and the introduction of new customs calculated to better the condition of the people. Let us hope that the required changes may be effected with happier results than has yet been the case in our own country, where society threatens every moment to snap in twain. Nor will any one who is acquainted with the German character fail to add the hope, that, whatever may be changed, the old Teutonic truthfulness and singleness of heart, the genial kindness, the unaffected politeness, the hospitality, and the brother-love, may at least be exempted.

[This paper suggests the reflection, that the complaints which are sometimes made amongst us with regard to the competitive struggle everywhere going on, and the similar emulation amongst all classes as to the style in which they shall live, are perhaps too unreserved. We here see the opposite system, one of nearly perfect mental torpor. Our own system, with all its faults, and fully granting that it is carried to the opposite excess, is at least one of *progress*—one in which the full exercise of the faculties, both for doing and enjoying, is brought out. That happy state

> —— ere England's woes began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man,

must be regarded, then, as one of physical happiness merely, and when we thus see its reflection in another country, we feel the less disposed to regret its having passed away.]

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR CARTWRIGHT.

AMID the series of illustrious inventors who appeared towards the end of last, and the beginning of the present century, and to whom Britain is mainly indebted for the foundation of her manufacturing greatness, stands pre-eminent the name of Dr Edmund Cartwright. Less successful than Arkwright, because not so practical in his habits, and more multifarious in his schemes, and less celebrated than Watt, because his inventions were not so strictly philosophical, nor capable of universal application, Dr Cartwright did not begin to reap the fruits of his ingenuity till his "better day" was past, and even then not till the interference of friends had satisfied a tardily grateful country of his right to several inventions. His claims now established, and his name ranked with those of Watt, Arkwright, Hargreaves, and others, it may not be uninstructive to review the long and active life of a man whose inventive ardour disappointment never damped nor success ever relaxed or rendered self-satisfied.

Edmund Cartwright, the fourth son of William Cartwright, Esq. of Marnham, Nottingham, was born on the 24th of April 1743. He was educated under Dr Clarke, at the grammar-school of Wakefield, where he early distinguished himself for quickness of apprehension and proficiency in those classical studies peculiar to the period. In the choice of a profession, his youthful mind was inclined to the navy; but two of his brothers had been already designed for that service; and this fact, conjoined with his aptitude for learning, induced his parents to decide that he should prepare for holy orders. He accordingly commenced his academical career at Oxford, when fourteen years of age; and during the summer recesses, was placed under the private tuition of the Rev. Dr Langhorne, the well-known editor of Plutarch's Lives. Under this tuition his progress was highly satisfactory; an enduring friendship sprung up between pupil and instructor, and it is remarked that, to the classical knowledge and literary taste of his teacher, Dr Cartwright was indebted for that neat and finished style of expression which he employed in writing even on the most trivial and familiar occasions. But however elegant and correct the instruction which the young student then received, it was in no way connected with the after pursuits in which he so eminently distinguished himself. There was nothing in the lyrics of Horace or the hexameters of Homer calculated to develop his mechanical genius; and it is well remarked by his biographer,* "had those various sources of information been then accessible which are now within the reach of every one who can read, or those popular associations existed which, by uniting the results of inquiring minds, serve at once to concentrate knowledge and diffuse practical instruction, it is more than probable that the peculiar bent of Dr Cartwright's genius would have sooner shown itself, and that he would have aimed rather at reaping the fruits of science than culling the flowers of poetry." Be this as it may, neither during his college course, nor for many years afterwards, did he in the least degree direct his attention to science or machinery; but we find him, like many other youthful and vigorous minds, relieving his aspirations after distinction by an assiduous cultivation of the muses. At the early age of eighteen, Dr Langhorne compliments him on the "harmony and philosophical temper" of his verses; and his brother John (afterwards Major Cartwright, M.P.) solicits a perusal of his compositions. In 1770 Mr Cartwright published "Armine and Elvira," a legendary tale, which went through several editions in little more than a year, and "was greatly admired for the harmony of its numbers and the purity of its moral sentiment." At this period his pursuits were strictly literary and poetical, nor did the tastes then imbibed ever forsake him. "The occasional composition of poetry," says his biographer, "became to him in after-life a frequent solace under disappointments, and contributed, with other mental exercises, to promote that cheerfulness of spirit for which, even in his most advanced age, Dr Cartwright was remarkable."

In 1772 Mr Cartwright married Alice, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of Richard Whittaker, Esq. of Doncaster, and after his marriage resided first at Marnham, and subsequently at Brampton, in Derbyshire, to the perpetual curacy of which he was presented by the dean of Lincoln. From Brampton he was promoted to the living of Goadby Marwood, in Leicestershire, whither he removed with his family in 1799. Thus settled in life, the discharge of his ministerial duties, and the cultivation of literature, were the chief employments of his life. In the former he was assiduous and exemplary, administering alike to the temporal and spiritual comfort of his parishioners; and it was during the weekly visitations of his flock that the idea suggested itself of administering yeast or other fermenting liquid in cases of putrid fever—a discovery which has since been of essential service in the practice of medicine. In the cultivation of literature he was no less assiduous. It was about this time that he became a contributor to the Monthly Review, then conducted by Mr Griffiths; became acquainted with Crabbe the poet, with whom he afterwards associated in terms of the most friendly intimacy; and corresponded with Sir William Jones and other distinguished individuals. The farming of his little glebe was also a favourite subject for his inquiring mind. With him it was one series of experiments; and though these at first led to little practical result, it will be seen that they afterwards became of considerable utility, when the gratitude of his country enabled him to spend the close of his life on his purchased farm of Hollanden.

It was now the summer of 1784, and Dr Cartwright had attained the forty-first year of his age. "There was nothing in the pursuits of the first half of his life calculated to lead his mind to study the theory of mechanics, or in his habits to bring him acquainted with their practical application. His pursuits had been almost purely literary, and his associates were as unknowing as himself in everything relating to manufactures. He was not only esteemed for the elegance of his attainments, but he had also at that time a fair prospect of advancement in his profession, and of obtaining a competency sufficient for the liberal support of his station in society. A circumstance altogether accidental now occurred, to occasion an entire change in all his views, and to turn his mind into a different direction, from which it never afterwards diverged. Happening, in the summer of 1784, to be at Matlock, in Derbyshire, he became highly interested in the progress of those ingenious manufactures which not many years before had been established in that immediate neighbourhood. The application of machinery to the art of spinning was at that time a novelty; and the splendid fortunes which some ingenious mechanics who had been successful in introducing it were supposed to be realising, seemed to hold out extraordinary encouragement to the exercise of any inventive faculty that should contribute to the improvement of our national manufactures. Mr Cartwright was not aware in how high a degree a faculty of this nature existed in his own mind, until it was brought into action by the accidental occurrence of a conversation at a public table, on the subject of new and ingenious inventions, especially that of Sir Richard Arkwright's recently invented method of spinning cotton by machinery.

It was observed by some of the company present, that if this new mode of spinning by machinery should be generally adopted, so much more yarn would be manufactured than our own weavers could work up, that the consequence would be a considerable export to the continent, where it might be woven into cloth so cheaply as to injure the trade in England. Mr Cartwright replied to this observation, that the only remedy for such an evil would be to apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving as well as to that of spinning, by contriving looms to work up the yarn as fast as it was produced by the spindle. Some gentlemen from Manchester who were present, and who, it may be presumed, were better acquainted with the subject of discussion, would not admit of the possibility of such a contrivance, on account of the variety of movements required in the operation of weaving. Mr Cartwright, who, if he ever had seen weaving by

* A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D. D., F. R. S., Inventor of the Power-Loom, &c. London: Saunders and Otley. 1843.

hand, had certainly paid no particular attention to the process by which it was performed, maintained that there was no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine (producing as an instance the automaton chess-player); and that whatever variety of movements the art of weaving might require, he did not doubt but that the skilful application of mechanism might produce them. The discussion having proceeded to some length, it made so strong an impression on Mr Cartwright's mind, that immediately on his return home he set about endeavouring to construct a machine that should justify the proposition he had advanced of the practicability of weaving by machinery. It may be remarked, that the incredulity expressed by those gentlemen, who were, of all persons, most likely to be acquainted with the fact, had any attempt been previously made to weave by machinery, is a pretty decisive proof that nothing of the kind had then been effected.

His first attempts, as might be supposed, were rude and clumsy; but as neither drawings nor models now remain of them, we have no means of tracing his earliest steps in mechanical experiment, nor of ascertaining the mode in which he proposed to overcome difficulties that had appeared insurmountable even to experienced mechanicians. In the course of a few months, however, he had brought his loom to such a state of progress, as led him to imagine that it might eventually become profitable; and to the surprise of every one who was at all conversant with undertakings of this nature, as well as to that of his personal friends, he took out a patent in April 1785, in order to secure to himself the expected advantages of the invention."

From this time forthwith till the close of his long life, Dr Cartwright's career was that of a projector and experimenter, often failing, but never discomfited; meeting with, but never resenting, the opposition and ingratitude of men; losing his pecuniary means by his endeavours to establish his patent, but still as ardent and inventive as ever. In 1786, he visited Manchester, for the double purpose of receiving further insight into the practice of weaving, and of trying what likelihood there was of getting his machinery introduced into this emporium of manufactures. Meeting with little encouragement, both from the common aversion to untried novelties, and from the opposition of the workmen—who looked upon the invention as ruinous to their business, as well as from the facts, that the power-loom yet required many improvements in detail, and that the demand for goods was not such as then to compel its adoption—he determined to take its establishment under his own direction. For this purpose he erected a weaving and spinning factory at Doncaster, in which he had free scope for every description of mechanical experiment; and the result was, that though ruinous to his own pecuniary means, it was advantageous to the public, inasmuch as it enabled him to effect several essential improvements in the art of spinning as well as in that of weaving. Now that so much of Britain's power and wealth depends upon her manufactures, it is curious to look back upon this germ of the factory system, and to find that, in 1787, it consisted of twenty looms; ten for muslin, or muslinette, eight for cotton, one for sail-cloth, and one for coloured check, and that the machinery was all worked by a bull, and not till 1789 by steam power! Imperfect as Dr Cartwright's early machinery may seem to be, we find several eminent individuals complimenting him upon the beauty of its productions, and among others, Dr Thurlow, bishop of Durham, to whose lady the inventor had presented a piece of muslinette. The bishop thus writes in October 1787:—"Mrs Thurlow has determined to put herself into a dress made out of the piece of muslinette you were so good to present her, and which, for its novelty, and being the first fruits of your labour and art, she prizes beyond the richest productions of the east." There can be no doubt that the fabric here referred to would be very inferior in quality to that now produced, but still it must have been equal, if not superior, to those generally in use, for we find, in 1791, the Messrs Grimshaws of Manchester contracting for the use of 400 of Dr Cartwright's looms, and erecting a mill calculated to receive and work that number.

Here, however, the troubles and difficulties of the inventor began. Messrs Grimshaws' building had scarcely been completed, when the whole edifice was burnt to the ground; and from the threatening letters that had been received by the owners, and other indications of hostility, no doubt was entertained at the time of its having been intentionally destroyed. The extension of the power-loom being thus checked, and Dr Cartwright's own establishment being by no means a profitable concern, both from want of a strict business superintendence on the part of the owner, and from the opposition and hostility he had to encounter, his affairs became embarrassed. After an ineffectual struggle to bear up against these difficulties, he relinquished his works at Doncaster, and in the latter part of 1793 assigned over his patent rights to his brothers, in consequence of the share they had taken in the concern, and as being in circumstances better able to contest the infringements to which, in spite of the outcry raised against them, his inventions were continually subject. Disappointed, but not dispirited, and strong in the faith that the time was at hand when his inventions would be better appreciated, his sanguine spirit abated nothing of its elasticity and vigour, and thus we speedily find him, after his retirement to London in 1796, again in the field of invention. Indeed, even during his greatest difficulties, his mind was perhaps most active; for in 1790 he invented and patented his wool-combing machine—an invention which was at once extensively adopted, as lessening by fiftyfold the amount of manual labour, while it produced more regular and superior work. Again we find him in 1792 as the inventor of the "cordelier," or rope-making machine; facts which tend to demonstrate that he was more of an inventor than a practical applier, and that, had he possessed more rigid business habits, it had been otherwise with his fortunes.

Mr Cartwright was induced to remove to London, in order that he might enjoy greater facilities for those scientific pursuits to which he had now devoted his talents, energies, and fortune. Unembarrassed by the anxieties of business, he had now an opportunity of giving ample scope to his inventive faculties, and accordingly we find him about this period taking out a patent for a form of brick to be used in the construction of self-dependent arches; another for an incombustible material for the flooring and roofing of houses, and a third for improvements on the steam-engine. Nor were these mere notions and designs, plausible but impracticable; they were all essential improvements, either in themselves directly applicable to art, or preparatory to other valuable inventions. The steam-engine was at this time the special object of his study, and to him we are indebted for the metallic piston, dry condensation, and other important improvements. He also made some experiments for the application of this power to navigation, and carried on a correspondence on the subject with Fulton, who, some years after, realised the idea upon the waters of the Hudson.

In 1801 Mr Cartwright obtained an extension of several of his patent rights—an act of justice honourable to parliament, as it was subsequently useful to the nation. He soon after accepted an appointment from the Duke of Bedford, to superintend a model farm at Woburn; but this scheme was quickly terminated in consequence of the death of his patron. He was now, though not reduced to need, nor involved in discreditable difficulties, far from being in affluent circumstances. About this time, the prospects of our manufactures were greatly changed for the better. The foreign demand had increased prodigiously; hands were scarce, in consequence of the war, and wages were correspondingly high; Cartwright's power-loom patent had expired, and the machine had received decided improvements from other hands; so much so, that it could be generally and safely applied, and it being thus the only means by which our manufacturers could meet the growing demand for their goods, it was soon all but universally adopted. Vast profits were now accruing not only to individuals but to the country at large, from discoveries which, to Dr Cartwright, had been productive of nothing but loss and disappointment—a circumstance which was imbittered by his finding that some of the adopters of his loom had even the dishonesty to lay claims to the invention. The hardship of his case had, however, only to be properly represented to meet with redress; and accordingly several respectable and influential individuals having made application to the legislature, Dr Cartwright, in 1809, received a parliamentary grant of L.10,000, "for the good service he had rendered the public by his invention of weaving."

Having received the reward of his country, and being now sixty-six years of age, Dr Cartwright determined to pass the remainder of his life in retirement and tranquillity, and for that purpose purchased a small farm at Hollanden, in Kent, to which he removed in 1809. At this place he spent the last years of his existence, "amusing himself with various experiments in agriculture, chemistry, and mechanics, and occupied, to the utmost of his ability, in promoting the welfare of his fellow creatures." Among his later discoveries and inventions, may be noticed his application of the tread-wheel to cranes, his process of fattening sheep with sugar, his remedy for mildew in wheat, a plan for preventing forgery by the manufacture of a peculiar paper, his biscuit-baking machine, and a locomotive carriage to be propelled by manual labour. Even when turned of eighty, and dropping into the grave, his "busy invention" never forsook him: at Dover, where he went for warm sea-bathing, he solved the bathman's difficulties in pumping water; he advanced a new theory of the planetary system; and when death overtook him, at the ripe age of eighty-one, he was busy in devising a method of working an engine by the explosion of gunpowder, instead of by the expansion of steam. Dr Cartwright's old age was calm and cheerful, as his manhood had been sanguine and energetic: without bodily suffering or complaint, he sunk under the mere infirmity of nature on the 30th of October 1823.

Such is a hasty sketch of the life of Dr Edmund Cartwright, whose name will be endurably associated with the rise and progress of Britain's manufacturing and commercial greatness. Unfortunate in the application of his own inventions, opposed by the bigotry of the times, and his rights infringed by the men who were most active in thwarting his success, he did not die, like some of his compeers, a *millionaire;* and had even to endure the dishonesty of mean minds, who questioned his right of invention. But if he was less fortunate than some while alive, time has already, in a great measure, adjusted these factitious differences; his name will hereafter be ranked with those of the great mechanical inventors, to whom, as a country, we owe so much of our power, wealth, and comfort.

THE FIGURED SATIN.

A TALE.

It is said that when men indulge in social converse, the subject is invariably business; and that with ladies it is always dress. True to the latter rule, Mrs Henton was, one morning last winter, deeply immersed in that absorbing topic with Mrs Fuller, her visitor from London. The branch of inquiry so earnestly discussed on that occasion was the particular mode in which the latter lady should attire herself at the forthcoming ball, to be given by Sir Thomas and Lady Spencer of Skipton Hall, and to which both ladies had been honoured with invitations. The difficulty arose from the embarrassment of wardrobe-riches which Mrs Fuller possessed—the question to be decided being, which of the many dresses should be chosen. After reviewing the collection in her mind's eye, the perplexed lady declared aloud that there was not one she could with propriety put on.

"Well, but there's your blue velvet, you know, my dear," suggested the hostess; "why not try that?"

"Not for the world! After appearing in it at the Flindford's no longer ago than last Monday-week, everybody will be sure to know it again."

"But suppose you trim it with the blond that is now upon your lavender tabarea!" persisted the hostess.

"Wouldn't risk it on any account; no, no; it is due to Sir Thomas and her ladyship that I—a comparative stranger—should pay them the compliment of appearing at their party in a new dress. Besides, Fuller's last words to me were not to spare expense. 'Julia, my love,' he said, 'don't mind a pound or two, particularly if the Spencers should ask you to the Hall; for if you make a good impression there, perhaps I shall get some more of their business away from Lockit's office.' After that, you know, my dear, I could not think of being seen at Lady Spencer's in a dress I had worn before."

"But what is to be done? Nothing good enough to answer your purpose is to be had in this town; for the *poult-de-soie* I bought of Yard the other day was, he assured me, the last in his shop."

"Don't distress yourself on that score," returned the lawyer's wife. "You see, as I only brought away five full dresses—fit for parties, you know, my dear—I provided against accident. The day I left London, I bought two-and-twenty yards of the most lovely figured satin you ever set your eyes upon!"

"Is it here?" inquired Mrs Henton, her eyes sparkling with anticipated delight of beholding the last new London fashion in figured satins. Mrs Fuller said it was, and rang for her maid to fetch it. While she was doing that errand, Mrs Henton suddenly recollected a difficulty which seemed at first insurmountable. "Good gracious! Mrs Fuller, what a pity! Why, there won't be time to get it made up!"

"Not time! Why—why, the ball does not take place till to-morrow night."

"Yes, but you are not in London, where the milliners run up a full dress in an afternoon, and think nothing of it. Here, you must understand, we generally give the dressmakers at least a week."

"Then it is high time such indolent proceedings should be reformed," returned the lady from London; "*I'll* see whether I cannot get my dress done by the time. Which do you consider the first milliner in the town?"

"Mrs Tucker in the High Street," replied the hostess. At this moment the servant entered the room with the satin. It was opened, admired, refolded, and hurried off to the milliner's with a degree of expedition which convinced Mrs Henton that if her friend's alacrity were imitated by the dressmaker, the order would certainly be executed by the time specified.

The parcel had not been deposited five minutes upon Mrs Tucker's table before its owner made her appearance. The orders she gave were copious but decisive. The skirt was to be extremely *bouffante*, the gathers were to be drawn up uncommonly thick, and the flounces three deep. The corset was to be *piqué*, and the sleeves short and quilled. Finally, the dress was to be home by Wednesday night at half-past six—"the latest moment!" Mrs Tucker, who smiled and nodded assent to each of her new customer's orders *seriatim* as they were delivered, looked exceedingly blank at the last of them. After a perplexing pause, she timidly hinted that she was afraid the time was too short.

"The question is, ma'am," said Mrs Fuller, "can you execute the order by the time named, or can you not?" Mrs Tucker could not quite say—she would consider, and let the lady know by the afternoon. "Consider!" exclaimed Mrs Fuller; "why, the time lost in considering would just be enough to cut the dress out. I see I must try Mrs Gore over the way." This mention of a rival was a sharp goad to the milliner's professional exertions: so she plucked up her courage, and said she would try.

"Trying won't do for me," replied the peremptory lady. "If you undertake to do it, do it you must; if not, decline it at once. By the by, what is your

charge for making a dress!' The dressmaker stated; and Mrs Fuller, to her astonishment, declared that it was ridiculously moderate, and asked if the dress could be positively promised, provided she gave double that sum!

This offer produced a wonderful effect upon all present—for there were more in the room than the two speakers. Mrs Tucker, after recovering her first surprise, stood in an attitude of deep meditation, planning the entire undertaking (it was a great one, for Mrs Fuller's figure was by no means that of a sylph), but still could not see her way clearly through it. In the midst of her perplexity, an assistant—who had been busily engaged in a remote corner of the apartment—turned her eyes towards her mistress, and in a voice scarcely audible asked if she might speak with her. Mrs Fuller was struck with the appearance of the girl's face when she raised it from her work to make the request. It was pale and care-worn; the eyes—full, but lustreless—were surrounded by that red appearance which indicates recent weeping. During the consultation (which was carried on in a whisper), the customer observed that the girl clasped her hands firmly together, as if in intense supplication. Presently she overheard the mistress ask, "But are you sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the girl; "I will carry the bodice home to-night and work at it without stopping, so that by to-morrow morning I can be ready to take the skirt from you."

"Well, then, if you are sure, I will undertake it," replied the mistress.

The bargain was therefore concluded, Mrs Fuller was measured, and left the house apparently satisfied; but before she reached her friend's residence, an uncomfortable presentiment crossed her mind, and her first words to Mrs Henton were, "My dear, I hope my satin is safe with Mrs Tucker!"

"Safe!" repeated her hostess; "are you afraid she will spoil it?"

"No, not exactly that; but they appear very poor—indeed my heart almost aches for the assistant, she really seems half-starved; and you know two-and-twenty yards of figured satin, at twelve-and-sixpence a-yard, is a great temptation—isn't it?"

"Not, I feel assured, either to the mistress or the maid." Here Mrs Fuller's suspicions were silenced, though not banished; and to beguile the weary hours which intervened between the ordering and completion of the dress, she amused herself with the London and Paris Journal of Fashions. Our business is, however, with the milliner and her assistant.

The "lady's own material" which they had undertaken, according to Mrs Tucker's advertisements, to "make up," had already been cut into the proper lengths for commencing the skirt, and both were actively "running up the seams," when the mistress continued a conversation which had been temporally interrupted, by inquiring of Eliza Emden what kind of a situation it was that her father had recently obtained.

"Oh, a very respectable one indeed," was the reply; "and I was *so* afraid you would have still refused to advance me the money necessary for his journey. How lucky that the lady came in about this dress!"

"You must not think me unkind, Eliza, in not letting you have it at first. I always dread giving you any money, from the use to which it is put. Your father takes it from you, spends it at the public-house, and leaves you with scarcely enough of food to keep you alive. In spite of all the fatal experience you have had of his incurable drunkenness—though he ruined one of the best businesses in this town, and killed your poor mother with anxiety—yet you still distress yourself for his sake."

"It is too true; but now that he has got employment away from me, I am determined not to furnish him with the means of intoxication any longer; for, as George Morley says"—Mrs Tucker smiled at the mention of that name—"as George says, when father is away he will have no one but himself to depend on, and all my earnings will be my own to do what I like with."

"*All* her earnings." Poor girl! Even by dint of the hardest daily labour, begun early and ended late—for, besides working for Mrs Tucker all day, she made fringe at night on her own account—she could command but little more than enough for subsistence; yet in that she was stinted by a dissolute and drunken parent.

When all that could be done to the dress by both working at it together was completed, Mrs Tucker advanced the sum required, and with a light heart Eliza tied her night's work in a bundle and tripped away. The night was dark, all the shops were shut, and it was some distance to her humble lodging. Fear hastened her steps, and though she seemed to be the only person abroad in the town, yet she dreaded meeting any one, lest they should address her, and an accident should befall her precious burden. She had turned into a street next to that in which she resided, when a door was suddenly burst open, and by the light which streamed out of it, she beheld three persons engaged in a struggle. The dead silence was broken by their contending voices.

On reaching home, she learned that her father had but a short time preceded her. She found him as usual in a state of intoxication, her kind friend George Morley having assisted him to bed, where he soon subsided into comparative quiet, and at length fell asleep. Eliza then began to busy herself in lighting her fire; but George—who lived in the same house—told her in a whisper that his mother having prepared some coffee, had invited her to partake of it in their room. "In fact, I had gone to the 'Eight-bells,' guessing your father was there, to try and get him home quietly before you arrived, that we might have all had our supper in peace."

"But I am going to sit up all night at work."

"You are!" exclaimed the young man, gazing at her wan face, and endeavouring to conceal his emotion. "Why, Eliza, if you go on in this way you will kill yourself! But, if you must work, you can do it better in our room than in your own, for it has a cheerful fire, and you know I shall be within call should you require anything done that I can perform—at all events, mother will be so glad to have breakfast ready at an early hour. Come—you must not refuse."

Eliza did not refuse a request so kindly meant, and, under the roof of George's mother, her nimble fingers sped, as many fingers of equally toil-worn seamstresses do, when dresses, at a brief notice, are commanded by the heedless denizens of fashion. The night wore on, and when morning dawned on the industrious girl, her friend—or shall we say her lover—George Morley hastened to announce that he would willingly see old Emden, her father, safely out of town on his way to his new situation. "If I don't," he said—"no offence to you, Eliza—but I will be bound he'll spend the money you are going to give him for his coach-hire before he arrives at Hinchley Cross, where he will have to get up." Eliza shook her head sorrowfully, and gave a reluctant assent to the probability of the conjecture.

"Where's Eliza!" said her father, when awakened preparatory to his journey; "why does she not come and see her old father off comfortably?"

"Why, she has been up all night hard at work."

"All night! What is that for?"

"Why, to earn the money Mrs Tucker has advanced her to take you to the factory."

"Ah! she'll do anything to get rid of me. Here, hand me some tea for breakfast; I wish you could find me a little drop of gin to put into it."

The wish of course was not complied with, and the old man ate his meal sullenly. He next prepared for his journey, and when all was ready, Eliza appeared to take leave of him, and to finish the work in her own room. Her haggard face and overwrought frame would have struck any other but the heart of a drunkard with pity, but Emden was in an ill-humour. George Morley, he said, should not accompany him, for he did not choose to be dogged about wherever he went, as if he were not able to take care of himself. At last he became so violent, that the project was given up, and having taken the money from Eliza, he wished her a sullen "good-by," taking no heed of George. He then left the house. The poor girl was stung to the quick by this ungenerous conduct; but the pressure of occupation, while it gave her no leisure to indulge in relaxation, also frequently curtailed her hours of sorrow. It was so now: her work, to which she was urged from the fear of breaking her word, diverted her mind from reflections which would otherwise have borne it down. George went to his daily occupation, but determined nevertheless to watch the actions of Emden.

Eliza worked so diligently, that her part of the task was quite accomplished by the time the rest of the dress arrived from Mrs Tucker, that the two parts might be joined. This was done; and Eliza looked carefully over the dress to see that nothing had been forgotten. All was right, except the whalebone necessary for the *corset piqué*, which had not been sent. It was, however, two hours previous to the time when the dress was promised, and she made up her mind to get the piece of whalebone herself; for the air, she thought, would refresh her. After hanging up the elegant dress against the door, she held up one of the sleeves to get a full view of her handy-work. She felt a little proud of it, and congratulated herself on the *set* of the skirt, on the richness of the flounces, and the neatness of the quilling. "Oh!" she exclaimed as she shut the door, "how I hope it will fit!"

On reaching Mrs Tucker, she found Mrs Fuller's maid receiving the milliner's assurance that the dress would be home in time—an assurance strengthened by Eliza, who described its finished state. "If you believe me, Eliza," said the dressmaker, when the lady's maid had gone, "this is the third time the girl has been sent during the last two hours. To be sure one can put up with a vast deal from people who pay double." Eliza told her errand, procured the whalebone, and taking up the covered basket in which dresses were sent home, promised to meet her mistress at Mrs Henton's house in half an hour.

Mrs Tucker kept her appointment with punctuality. "Well, and you have brought the dress, I suppose?" exclaimed Mrs Fuller, who, devoured with impatience, met the milliner on the stairs. Mrs Tucker explained that her assistant would be with them in a few minutes. The minutes, however, flew by, and Eliza did not make her appearance. Mrs Tucker grew fidgety, and her customer dropped a hint about the danger of trusting a "parcel of girls" with articles of value. It was, however, settled that Mrs Tucker should go to Eliza's lodgings and ascertain the cause of the delay; and she hastened away to perform her errand. Certain undefinable misgivings lent wings to her steps, and in a very few minutes she was at Eliza's house; as she entered it, the noise of several voices met her ear, and on opening the door, she beheld a scene which filled her with dread and apprehension. Eliza lay on her bed in a deep swoon. Mrs Morley was endeavouring to restore her, and several neighbours were looking about in various parts of the room endeavouring to find something that had been lost. The truth flashed upon her in an instant. The figured satin dress had been stolen!

One of the men in the room was a constable, who, when informed that Mrs Fuller was the owner of the dress, thought it his duty to apprise that lady of the loss, and went away for that purpose. Meantime Eliza's consciousness slowly returned; but on seeing her mistress, she uttered a faint scream, and again relapsed into her former state of insensibility. On inquiring of the neighbours, Mrs Tucker discovered, that while Eliza was absent from her lodging to fetch the whalebone, some thief had entered it and stolen the dress. As, however, the theft had so recently taken place, some hopes were entertained that the depredator would be speedily detected. By this time Mrs Fuller arrived with the constable. Not possessing, even at ordinary times, a very mild disposition, the lady was now, on so vexatious an occasion, in a towering passion. Having, moreover, lived in London all her life, she was continually boasting of being "up to the tricks of tradespeople and swindlers." It was in vain, therefore, that Mrs Tucker entreated her to hear the particulars of the robbery. She was deaf to everything but her own voice. *She* was not to be taken in in any such manner. She knew from the first that her figured silk would not be safe amongst such poor people, and told Mrs Henton so. It was a planned thing—she saw through it all. The girl had stolen the dress, and Mrs Tucker knew more than she would tell. As to the girl being in a faint, it was all sham. "I'll see," she continued, "whether I am to be cheated out of my property in this way. Here, constable, I give that girl in charge for stealing my silk dress."

The constable stepped over to the bed, and raised the girl slowly up. The bloodless cheeks and the livid lips convinced all but the London lady (who had seen the thing just as well done by impostors) that poor Eliza was more fit for a hospital than a prison. Mrs Fuller was, however, firm; delay was useless. "Let the girl," she said, "be taken before a magistrate at once. I am quite ready to go with her. It's all as clear as day. I should not be doing my duty to society if I did not follow this case up."

A vehicle was procured—for the neighbours would not hear of Eliza being dragged through the streets to the magistrate's house—and in a short time the accuser and accused were in the justice room of Skipton Hall, Sir Thomas Spencer being the magistrate nearest at hand. Eliza had now sufficiently recovered to become fully aware of her situation; but surrounded by her friends and neighbours—above all, supported by a thorough consciousness of innocence, she was not nearly so dismayed as was to be expected. She gazed at the group which surrounded her, in the hope of deriving additional support from the presence of one who had for a long period been present in all her dreams of hope and happiness. Alas! he was not there—he who had become her affianced but a few hours before.

Mrs Fuller, on being called forward, told the story of her loss, and by introducing what she suspected with what really occurred, made it rather a tedious one; though she thought she had made out a pretty clear case against the accused. When asked if she could bring forward any evidence to support her assertions, she hinted that her word ought to be taken in the matter. Sir Thomas, from long practice on the bench, knew the value of evidence as well as most men. He perceived that Mrs Fuller's suspicious disposition, and the disappointment about her dress, had coloured her evidence a little too highly. Turning, therefore, to the suffering girl, he asked her—not as a prisoner whether she had any defence to make—but "if she could offer any explanation of the mysterious disappearance of the garment." Eliza had now recovered her self-possession; the indignation which some of Mrs Fuller's statements inspired, gave her nerve, and she narrated simply all that had happened to her from the moment she took part of the dress home to that of its abstraction from her lodging. Mrs Tucker and Mrs Morley both attested to the truth of her statements, and the magistrate gave his decision. Among other things he remarked, that "a person wishing to steal the silk would have done so before it was made up, as being in that state much more marketable. In the second, it is not likely that a girl would sit up all night and work incessantly for the purpose of purloining the fruit of her own labour. You are therefore, Eliza Emden, discharged from custody, nor does the least suspicion of impropriety or dishonesty remain upon your character." Mrs Tucker immediately came forward and took Eliza's hand to withdraw her from the degrading part of the room in which she stood—that allotted to prisoners. Mrs Fuller felt great difficulty in concealing her disappointment at the result. She was no less convinced than ever; and, like other hasty-judging persons, consoled herself with suspicions. She could see through a millstone as soon as anybody else. "The fact is," she said to herself, "the girl is pretty—in short, I pity poor Lady Spencer from my heart. To be sure, *that* is no business of mine; still, justice is justice." But something

presently occurred to put her into a better humour. The magistrate had not done with the case yet. "Though," he said, addressing Eliza, "I have totally exonerated you from any participation in the robbery, yet, as the stolen article was intrusted to your care, you are bound to do everything in your power to discover the thief, and to bring him or her to justice. Now," continued Sir Thomas with emphasis, "have you no suspicion of the criminal! Do not answer the question hurriedly; take time—call to mind all the persons who might, by possibility, be concerned in the depredation." Eliza considered for a few minutes, and answered that she had no suspicion of the thief whatever. "Then," said Sir Thomas, "I think it my duty to go over the evidence, not for the purpose of impeaching any particular individual, but to assist in clearing up this mysterious affair. It appears that the only persons in the house during the time the dress was also in it, were George Morley, his mother, and yourself. Upon Mrs Morley no shade of suspicion rests, and, as far as I can see, the charge lies between you and the young man who, it appears, invited you to the house. Strong suspicions, I am sorry to say, rest on George Morley, for, from the time he left home for his work, he has not been heard of. The constable has ascertained that he did not make his appearance at his workshop after breakfast-time. He has been searched for as well as the shortness of the time will admit, and is not to be found. Now, I ask you solemnly, and on your word of honour, do you know where he is!"

Eliza was silent. When first George Morley's name was breathed by the magistrate with the same breath which tainted it with suspicion, she coloured deeply, her head swam, and she leant on her mistress for support. In another moment the blood left her face, and she was pale, but calm. She answered firmly that she did not know where George Morley was at that moment, but that if she did, she would tell without the least hesitation. "Would," she added, "he were here!"

"Perhaps he will be here presently," returned Sir Thomas ominously. The truth is, that when, during the examination, he saw the turn the evidence was taking, he privately despatched a constable with a summons for George Morley, a person who had sought him at his mother's request in the beginning of the affair not having found him. "We will," concluded Sir Thomas, "wait till he arrives."

It was now late, and two or three carriages had drawn up to deposit the first guests of the party. Mrs Fuller grew fidgety; she would not have time to make the necessary arrangements concerning the "blue velvet and blond," to which she was now driven as a substitute for the new figured satin; and, being seated near Sir Thomas, suggested an adjournment till to-morrow. He politely told her that it was a principle with him to let nothing—not even hospitality—interfere with the administration of justice; but hinted, that for a while her presence might be dispensed with. Mrs Fuller eagerly took the hint, and hastened to Mrs Henton's to make her toilette.

The silence which ensued rendered Eliza's terrible suspense the less endurable. Though she felt an inward consciousness of her lover's innocence, yet she trembled when she recollected his suspicious absence from his occupation, which gave so deep a colour to the charge. Her suspense was not, however, of long duration. In about a quarter of an hour George Morley made his appearance in charge of the summoning officer. He trembled, his lip quivered, and he glanced round the room with an eye heavy with grief and apprehension. When he met Eliza's glance he tried to smile, but the muscles of his face quivered, and his eyes were, instead, filled with tears. Sir Thomas mildly acquainted him with the nature of the proceedings. He was not charged with anything; though it would be as well for his own sake to give, if he chose, an account of how he had passed the day since he left work to go to breakfast. There was a pause. Morley seemed unable to speak; he breathed hard, and pressed his hand tightly on his chest, as if he dreaded being choked. Even when the power of utterance returned, he showed an unwillingness to use it. His first words embodied a complaint that he had been taken by surprise.

"No such thing," interposed the ignorant constable, "you were taken in a public house."

This blunder would have caused a smile at any other time, but the statement it conveyed bore too hardly in corroboration of the suspicions against Morley, not to impress the magistrate more seriously. The public house named—one in the outskirts of the town—was not the place to find a well-disposed young man; but it was the place to find pedlars and other characters, amongst whom such an article as a satin dress would find a ready sale. "I caution you, that whatever you may say will be recorded and used against you," resumed Sir Thomas Spencer; "but if you *can* give a satisfactory account of this day's proceedings, it will be well for you." Again the young man hesitated—he cast a piteous look towards Eliza, who stood intensely anxious to catch the lightest word he would let drop. At length, being again pressed, he began:—"When he left his home he determined, in spite of old Emden's forbiddance, to watch his movements, as he feared the drunkard, instead of going straight to Hinchley Cross, would spend the money for his coach-hire in drink. He dogged him till the old man was fairly out of the town, and then returned to his master's to work. He left as usual to go home to breakfast, and on his way back, to his grief, he again saw——" Here Morley stopped suddenly short. His eye had fallen upon Eliza. She was leaning forward, drinking in every word her lover uttered, as if her life hung on his accents: ere he could finish the sentence, a deep groan had escaped from her, and she clasped her hands imploringly towards him in an agony of supplication. He looked intently at the beloved suppliant for an instant—his eyes wandered to and fro in hasty consideration—and a new, a horrible light broke in upon him! The presentiment which darted into Eliza's mind before he could say *who* he "again saw," filled his own; though unintelligible to all else, it was too, too plain to them. George knew fully well what Eliza supplicated, and determined, though at the risk of his own character, to grant it—it was his silence. Turning, therefore, to the magistrate, he said firmly, "This is all I have to say."

This emotion on the part of Eliza and George Morley did not escape Sir Thomas Spencer. Unable to fathom its true cause, he construed it into a silent caution given by the girl to her lover not to criminate himself. After, therefore, a long consultation with his clerk, Sir Thomas decided to adjourn the case for further hearing, and that meantime George Morley should be kept a prisoner in the town jail. At this decision Eliza, still and death-like as she stood, made an effort to speak, but the effort nearly choked her, and she found relief in strong hysterics. George Morley, on the contrary, was firm and collected: a weight had been removed from his mind; and whatever he suffered or was to suffer, he was glad to bear, for he felt that it was for Eliza's sake. As he was dragged away from Skipton Hall, sounds of merriment and music smote his ear, lights streamed from the windows, brawling servants impeded his egress from the gateway. They jeered him, but he cared not—he suffered for Eliza's sake, and bore all cheerfully, proudly. Meantime, every attention was paid to Eliza: Sir Thomas Spencer, having retired to his guests, was overwhelmed with questions concerning the interesting affair; for of course it was the stock story of the evening. Mrs Fuller, who had arrived in the faded glories of velvet and blond, was an object of attention and interest. Meanwhile, Lady Spencer considerately sent her maid to inquire about Eliza. Mrs Tucker was with her, and declared that the unhappy girl was too ill to be removed to her own home without danger. Upon hearing this, her ladyship immediately gave orders that a room in the house should be given up to her. This was done, and when Mrs Fuller heard of it, she made an aside-speech to her friend, Mrs Henton, concerning Sir Thomas's lenity during the examination, and pitied Lady Spencer's unsuspecting innocence.

As might be surmised, the effect of the events of the day, which in a metropolis would have been scarcely noted, produced a great sensation in the little town of T——. Next morning exaggerated accounts of the examination before the magistrate flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth; conjecture, suspicion, accusation, and wonder, occupied the townsfolk by turns. But ere mid-day the mystery was solved. At that hour a new and even more painful scene than that acted on the previous day was commenced in the justice-room of Skipton Hall. The actors were not all the same, for Eliza was not present. Sir Thomas Spencer had taken his seat—George Morley confronted him. The landlord of the "Eight-bells" was also there, and with him a man with a sunburnt Jewish countenance. On the table were laid, beside a bundle loosely tied up in a cotton kerchief, a pair of handcuffs. Presently Mrs Fuller entered, and Sir Thomas desired that "the prisoner might be brought in." This was done, and an old man appeared, whose aspect excited disgust rather than pity. His dress was dirty and disordered, his countenance showed he had not many hours recovered from a drunken debauch. That wretched culprit was Emden.

To go through the whole examination would only be protracting a too painful scene; a summary of it will be sufficient. It came out in evidence that the drunkard discovered, when he left the house, that Morley was watching him, and went in the direction he ought to have gone, till suspicion was lulled, and the young man out of sight. He then returned, and spent the money his daughter had given him at a public house. While Morley was returning to breakfast, he learned where old Emden was, and went to him. By his entreaties he so worked on the old man, that he made him ashamed of his conduct; but how was he to remedy the consequences! The only chance of his getting the situation was going to it by the evening coach, and he had no money for the fare. George left him in the hope of borrowing it once more for that purpose; but while he was gone, a pedlar who was present asked if he had got anything to sell! Emden said he would see, and promised to meet this travelling trader at a certain hour. He went to his daughter's room, saw the dress, took it to the pedlar, sold it, and commenced drinking again. He was consequently too late for the evening coach, and rambled away to another house to sleep. In the morning the stir made about the affair in the town alarmed the pedlar, who went to a constable and gave up the dress, and, divulging the thief, Emden was arrested, and the presence of George Morley only required as a witness.

Sir Thomas, as a magistrate, censured him severely for allowing himself to be sacrificed to conceal the real culprit; but, as a man, guessing the motive, honoured him highly for his heroism, as after events proved. The unhappy old man, who cared not for risking the disgrace of his own daughter, provided his own vile appetites were satiated, was forthwith committed for trial, and finally transported, but outlived his sentence scarcely a year.

Eliza did not leave Skipton Hall until obliged to do so to become a wife. Lady Spencer employed her constantly as her seamstress, and only parted with her when, through Sir Thomas's patronage, George Morley commenced business on his own account, and claimed his bride to grace his new house. Mrs Tucker has lived with them ever since. Mrs Fuller was made ashamed of her suspicions, and fully atoned for them to Eliza. Long after she returned to London, she kept the gown, only wearing it on state occasions, for, in spite of the tossing and tumbling it got, she often declared that of all her extensive wardrobe, the dress which fitted best, and was most tastefully made, was her "figured satin."

SONGS FOR THE INSANE.

THE writer of a former article mentioned having heard a chorus executed by some of the inmates of the Bicêtre, an asylum for the insane near Paris. The words of these choruses have been printed for the use of the patients, and a copy of the little volume is now before us.* The objects and advantages of music as a means of amusing and benefiting the deranged, is well explained by the director in his address to the persons for whose use the collection was made, and which we proceed to abridge. "After the allotted labours of the day," says M. Leuret, "whether it be in the fields or in the workshops, no exercise can be more advantageous to you than that of singing. It assuages pain, and is a certain remedy for melancholy. The grief which you feel at being separated from your family and your ordinary occupations, will become, by the help of music, less acute, and those amongst you whose spirits are troubled and restless, will not be long in enjoying a mental calm highly favourable to their recovery. You have, like myself, seen many patients who possess certain ideas to which they hold with great tenacity, because they believe them to be true, but which haunt them so incessantly, that they do not feel a moment's repose. They are brought here, some of them against their consent, others of their own free-will. Every one is astonished to see in how short a time they exhibit symptoms of tranquillity. Others are tormented with fancied injuries, with constant dread, and the notion that their lives are in danger from enemies. These also are soon brought to a sense of the falsity of their ideas; and amid the course of labour and regimen prescribed during the day, nothing conduces so much to their cure as the musical exercises. It behoves you all, therefore, to try to sing as well and as much as you can. If those who are able to sing well will not attend the class; or, when they do, refuse to sing, those who are learning and those who are melancholy will also be silent, and thus be deprived of the power which music possesses to distract them from their griefs. This is a great misfortune; for we have seen patients who, after having been here for whole years absorbed by their malady, have at length, from having heard you each day, learnt almost involuntarily the songs you sing, and have joined in the harmony. In some instances their reason has returned by slow degrees. Moreover, when you have left the asylum, if you repeat, in your moments of leisure, or even while working, that which we have taught, your minds will be filled with good ideas and virtuous sentiments. Some of you have without doubt heard of the singing systems of Wilhem and Mainzer. The labourers and operatives who have attended their classes find a great pleasure in repeating what they have studied, and often meet for that purpose. These people, instead of wasting their money and time in drinking to such an extent that they sometimes lose their reason, become economical, and conduct themselves wisely and like honest citizens. Why should not we follow their example! To aid in this object, M. Guerry has selected the pieces contained in this volume, from which the first lessons in singing given in the school were given. He has wisely chosen those pieces of poetry which express soothing thoughts and afford religious consolation, because such ideas are best adapted to sustain courage, and to engender hope in the minds of the afflicted. Many of our best poets have cheerfully given permission for printing those of their poems which have been selected, and those which had no music set to them have had it expressly adapted for you by M. Elevart."

Many of the songs in this collection are of a touching nature, well adapted to reach the hearts and affections of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum. Others, again, appear calculated to inflame the passions rather than to soothe and tame them; especially these—and there are not a few of them in the collection—which have for their theme military "glory," as it is called. France, however, is a military nation, and perhaps such subjects are necessary to awaken the attention

* Recueil de Chants pour les élèves de l'école de l'Hospice de Bicêtre. (Ne se vend pas.) Paris: Bailly. Collection of Songs for the Pupils of the School of the Bicêtre Asylum. (Not to be sold).

of the patients. We select one of the least exciting of these songs; promising, however, that we hazard our poetical versions with diffidence:—

GOOD SPEED.

Adieu, my son, adieu!
Good speed!
Thy mother and myself shall plead
To Heaven, that you
To France be true—
Good speed! adieu!

I had thy glowing hopes, thy nerve,
Thy youthful fire,
When from my sire
I first set out to serve;
Like you, I left
My home, bereft
Of friends most dear,
My course to steer.
Adieu, my son, adieu!
Good speed! &c.

Upon the glorious scroll of Fame
Soon may it be
That we shall see
Our gallant son inscribe his name.
O! we shall seek with stern delight
Thy deeds distinguished in the fight.
A musket now thy shoulders bear;
Let epaulettes be soon placed there!
Adieu, my son, adieu!
Good speed! &c.

And when the victory is won,
Thy heart will beat
A longed retreat
For home and all its joys, my son.
Then friends shall sally forth to meet
And cheer thee on thy weary way;
For that—thy blest return to greet—
Shall be the village holiday!

Adieu, my son, adieu!
Good speed!
Thy mother and myself shall plead
To Heaven, that you
To France be true—
Good speed! adieu!

The next specimen appears to be a strain much better calculated than the above to tranquillise the troubled spirits in a lunatic asylum:—

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Sad is my troubled soul,
My happiest days are o'er,
Like waves that onward roll
To death's eternal shore:
Hope never cheers my heart,
Tears seldom bring relief;
Deserted, lone, apart;
My doom is silent grief.

But hark, what greets my ear?
'Tis music's softest strain,
Sent my lorn heart to cheer,
And lessen sorrow's pain.
As the sweet chords arise,
Emotions new I feel,
Joy's tears suffuse my eyes,
My wounded soul to heal.

We take leave of this anthology by translating the following pretty legend. At about three-quarters of a league from St Philippe, on the road to Valentia in Spain, an ancient bridge spans a river, which, in that part of its course, is occasionally rather turbulent. The anecdote which gave rise to the structure is well known to the neighbouring inhabitants to this day. It is called

THE WIDOW'S BRIDGE.

In the kingdom of Valentia
A widow had a son,
And centred hope and happiness
In that beloved one.
Though young, and rich, and lovely,
To suitors she was coy;
"No love have I," she oft would say,
"Save for my cherished boy."

To give a splendid tournament
The king he had agreed,
The widow's son with ardour burned
To mount his gallant steed.
The lady, weeping, gave consent;
Embracing him, she said,
"Tarry beyond three days, and you
Will find your mother dead!"

Away he galloped with his suite,
Nor stopped until he stood
Beside a rough and foaming ford,
Then plunged into the flood.
Alas! his courser struggles, sinks,
And drags him to the deep.
Bereaved, unhappy mother, O
It is for thee I weep!

The tutor, old, a ghostly man,
Stricken with grief and fear,
Returned to pour the tale of death
Into the mother's ear.
Her cries at first were loud and long;
She filled the air with grief;
But soon she stood with fixed eyes,
For tears refused relief—

Giving to woe no utterance,
But locked it in her breast;
And in a voice made low by sighs,
The reverend man addressed:
"To the shore of those full waters I
Will instantly repair;
You shall conduct me, holy man,
To seek for comfort there:

There, with the riches I possess
An arched bridge to build
Across the raging torrent, where
My blessed son was killed.
This shall assuage my bitter woe;
For when the work is o'er,
No mother else will ever feel
The misery I deplore.

And when I die, I would be laid
Amidst this river-weed;
Upon a stone to mark my grave,
The traveller shall read:—
'Here rests a mother's sad remains
Whose earthly race is run,
Her griefs are o'er, her soul has sought
To join her sainted son.'"

She went; and overcharged with grief,
Fell dead upon the shore!
They placed her where she wished to lie,
Then arched the torrent o'er.
And when the bridge was finished, few
Passed o'er for many a year,
Unless with slow and sorrowing step,
To drop a pitying tear.

Weekly Chit-Chat.

Old Schoolboy Dinners.—On this interesting class of *reunions*, we find the following in the *Citizen*, a Glasgow newspaper:—"There has existed from time immemorial, among those who have attended the Glasgow Grammar-School (now the High School), a practice of dining together on the 10th of October, to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of the respective classes. These meetings are of course wholly convivial; but they nevertheless present something of a melancholy character from the continually diminishing roll which their numbers exhibit, arising from death, emigration, and other causes. Out of classes numbering eighty or even a hundred, there are few which can now muster more than twenty or thirty individuals. In a few instances, the annual class-dinners consist of three or four *schoolboys* of threescore years and ten! In these cases, where the absence even of one would occasion a painful blank, gentlemen sometimes come long distances to be present—to talk over old scenes, to fight, it may be, their schoolboy battles over again, and to trace in the aged countenances around them the features of their early associates. We know one gentleman who comes expressly every year from London to attend his class-dinner of four! Venerable quartett! Where are now the long row of merry faces? Are the guests all gone, all except your four selves? Have you sat them all out?—and do you now draw together to make jolly around a smaller table? Alas! which of you knows, as you reply to the toast of your own health, whether the next year a solemn silence may not be the only response to the honour done to your memory?—and whether even a poor trio may be left to tell to each other all that it is most charitable to remember of a departed friend? How solitary, too, must one day or other be the *class*-dinner of the last survivor! When this occasion does arrive, we hope some of our more skilful artists will enable us to hang the moral on our walls. But although serious reflections now and then intrude among the class-*boys* of older standing—including some of our most eminent merchants, bankers, and manufacturers—the annual gatherings in question are usually marked by great merriment and hilarity." There occur some pleasant dinner parties in Edinburgh of this kind.

London Breweries.—According to a late return, it appears that a diminution in the consumption of malt has taken place in the London-porter breweries during the past year. With three exceptions, there has been a falling off in every establishment, and amounting in the whole to 12,730 quarters, or 18,140 bushels; at a moderate computation, this is said to be equal to a reduction of 954,750 gallons of beer.

Weekly Half-Holiday.—We perceive by an advertisement in the *Manchester Guardian*, that 270 individuals, comprising some of the most eminent bankers, merchants, manufacturers, calico-printers, &c. of that town, agreed, at the solicitation of those employed by them, to close their places of business every Saturday afternoon on and after Saturday the 4th of November. We are happy to find that an example set for several years past in Edinburgh has been followed in so important a seat of commerce and manufactures as Manchester. The benefits of rest from labour will, we are assured, be felt as well by the master as the man; for the latter returns with fresh vigour and efficiency to his employment after the relaxation of a holiday, provided it be properly spent. A move towards the earlier shutting of shops every night—as, for instance, 7 or 8 instead of 9 or 10 o'clock—is also becoming pretty general. In Edinburgh, this improvement has been effected for several years, without injury to employers, and the benefit of the employed. Success to all such meliorations!

A Superintending Dog.—The following appeared lately in a London newspaper:—Every one will remember the fireman's dog, which, for many years, was the constant attendant at a fire, let the distance be ever so great. Another instance, equally extraordinary, of the devotedness of one of the canine species to another occupation, may be daily witnessed in the neighbourhood of the borough. The commissioners of pavements of the eastern division of Southwark have a number of men constantly employed in the parishes of Bermondsey, St John's, St Thomas's, St Olave's, &c., and wherever they are, will be seen a brown terrier running about the works they are engaged on, and never leaving till they leave. No one knows where he comes from, where he sleeps, or how he obtains his food, except what he gets from the men whose strange companion he has thus been for no less than eight years. He goes regularly to the stoneyard near the Greenwich railway, about five in the morning in summer, but later in winter, and waits till the men go to their work. But if he should have missed them in any way, he proceeds over the district till he meets with them, and then takes his station beside the barrow. No other dog dares approach the spot, or a biped the clothes of the men. When the labour is over, he goes away, but no one knows where. As a matter of course, he is a great favourite among the men, and from Mr Hall, the superintendent, having made his peculiarities known, he has become much noticed.

Zinc Pans.—In our *Information for the People*, article "Dairy Husbandry," zinc milk-pans are recommended for the production of a greater quantity of cream than can be obtained by using any other kind of vessel. While this is true, it ought to have been mentioned that, if the milk be allowed to stand till it becomes sour or acid, it is apt to act upon the zinc, and thus produce various salts of zinc—substances not deleterious in the small amounts so produced, but which, in sufficient quantities, act as powerful emetics. Notwithstanding this fact, zinc pans may still be used with perfect safety in large dairies, where a rapid and abundant production of cream is the main object in view. The predisposition of zinc to be acted upon by the milk is the cause of the rapid upthrow of the cream, but no appreciable quantity of these salts can be produced where the pans are kept clean, and the milk not allowed to remain till it becomes sour. But should this be not always practicable, a small piece of plate-iron about the size of a halfpenny, or a common iron nail dropped in each pan, will, in all probability, prevent the action of the milk on the zinc—in other words, render zinc pans as safe as those made of pottery or any other sort of material, while it would at the same time greatly increase their cream-producing effects. We speak of this in answer to the queries of several correspondents, but are of opinion that the circumstances in which the quantity of zinc dissolved can be at all perceptible *by its effects*, must be so very extraordinary, that we cannot regard the action referred to as any objection to the use of these vessels.

Profitable Patent.—It is a curious fact in scientific discovery, that the most profitable invention that was ever patented in this or any other country, arose accidentally out of an application to government to admit sugar for agricultural purposes. The government applied to Mr Howard, the accomplished chemist, brother to the late Duke of Norfolk, to try some experiments for the purpose of ascertaining if sugar could be so effectually adulterated that it could not be again converted for culinary uses. For this purpose he mixed all kinds of noxious materials with it, but the question remained, whether they could be again separated, and in the experiments to ascertain this, he discovered that not only could they be separated, but that the sugar was better and purer. Out of this arose Howard's patent for sugar refining and the use of the vacuum pan; the annual net income of which, from licenses granted for its use, at the rate of 1s. per cwt., yielded in some years between L.20,000 and L.30,000. One house in London alone paid L.4000 per annum.

Fine Arts.—We learn from the late annual report of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, which has now been ten years in existence, that, since its institution, it has collected L.36,000 from subscribers; that it has purchased 771 pictures, of which 300 were landscapes, and 69 historical and imaginative paintings; also 40 pieces of sculpture; and that the sum distributed among artists is about L.27,000, the remainder being expended on engravings and charges of various kinds. Considering that for several years there has been another association of a similar nature in Edinburgh, and more recently, one established in Glasgow, this report furnishes remarkable evidence of the progress of a taste for painting in Scotland. All such institutions have our best wishes, and the only thing left for us to desire is, that a portion of the finer class of pictures should be purchased for a national gallery open to the public, instead of all being dispersed, as they now are, over the country; but this, we suppose, is incompatible with the success of the associations.

The sewerage of large towns has recently, and deservedly, become a subject of discussion and improvement. At present, Mr R. Rowed, of Stanhope Place, is advocating the necessity of constructing a series of sub-sewers along each bank of the Thames, as a necessary auxiliary to the present sewers of London: his plan, which seems at once simple and economical, is as follows:—It is suggested that these sub-sewers should be formed of cast-iron ribs, fixing into a keelson, and covered with cast-iron plates, so formed as to key into each without rivets or bolts; they are to run along both shores a little above low-water mark, and proceed to the lower parts of Essex and Kent, where they should be made to discharge themselves into large iron reservoirs. By discharging a column of quicklime through the mass, a precipitation would immediately ensue of everything held in solution by the water, which may be then taken out, and pressed into blocks fit for transportation to any part of the kingdom, and the manure thus formed would be, perhaps, superior to anything in use at the present day. It has been calculated by Sir George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, that the soil of England, if properly treated, might be made to produce four times the amount of human food it does at present; and by the most moderate calculation, 2,000,000 of tons of this manure might be sold at 10s. per ton, producing a million sterling. The cost of the whole undertaking is estimated at about L.7,000,000—thus offering a large return for the expense incurred, whether effected by government or a joint-stock company, besides giving a stimulus to the iron trade, and rendering the atmosphere of the metropolis pure and conducive to the public health.

Melioration of Condition.—The melioration which the physical condition of the people of France has undergone during the last century, is thus noticed by the eminent statist M. Moreau de Jonnès:—In the year 1700, the number of persons who ate wheaten bread in France was 6,670,000, or 33 per cent. of the entire population of that period. In 1760, the proportion of the population who ate wheaten bread was as to that fed on inferior grain 40 per cent.; in 1815 45 per cent.; and in 1840 no less than 60 per cent.!

LONDON: Published, with permission of W. and R. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, the proprietors, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

XUM